THE CHILD'S PAPER

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.

VOL. 6. JULY, 1857. NO. 7.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY IN NEW YORK, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, CINCINNATI, AND NEW ORLEANS.

For The Child's Paper.

THE WALRUS-HUNT.

The walrus is a great clumsy animal living among the icebergs of the northern seas. It has tusks like the elephant. Sometimes they are a yard long, and help the animal to climb up steeps of ice and snow. The walrus is almost a sea-monster, for it often measures eighteen feet in length, and weighs two thousand pounds. Although they come upon the land to sun themselves now and then, they like water best.

The walrus' feet serve as paddles, like those of the seal. It is a quiet creature when let alone; but if it must defend itself, it will fight like a tiger. Who wants to attack it? you may ask. Ships go from the north of Europe to Spitzbergen, to hunt the walrus for its ivory and oil; and here is a boat-load of sailors in a hand and hand fight with a herd of them. Starboard and larboard, fore and aft, the walruses are on all sides. The men are working for their very lives now. Harpoons and hatchets they have got, and heavy blows are needed to chop through their thick hides. Rifles and lances are often used. A walrus sometimes takes sixty or seventy lance wounds before he gives up. Boats are often destroyed, for they can hook a boat under the water with their tusks, or stave it in pieces by the violence of their blows. These sailors are in danger, great danger. Will they escape? Ah, I do n't know.

Walrus meat is an important article of food for the poor Esquimaux, who live in these desolate regions. During the long dark, cold Arctic winters, they are often near starving; and they are so thankful when the cold begins to lessen and the light to dawn, for then the walrus comes, and there is hope of something to eat again. But we should think a dinner pretty dearly earned, if it had to cost a walrus-hunt.

Dr. Kane tells us of two Esquimaux who, rather than starve, and rather than eat their dogs, determined to go in search of a walrus before the season properly opened for hunting them. They succeeded in killing a very large one, and were joyfully going home, dragging it after them, when a north wind suddenly broke up the ice, and they found themselves afloat. Reach the land they could not; so they urged their dogs to the nearest iceberg, which they climbed—they and the dogs, dragging with them the carcass of the walrus. It was the last moonlight of December, and in the midst of a dreadful snow-storm. *A complete* darkness settled over them. They tied the dogs to knobs of ice to keep them from slipping down, and threw themselves flat on the ice, in order not to be blown away by the gale. At first the sea broke over them; but they climbed to a higher part of the berg, and built a sort of ice wall round them. And how long do you think they stayed there? A month—living only as those iron men can live: no sun, no moon, no fire, no shelter; ice, ice, ice; on the top of a berg!

But they *had* something to eat—thanks for the walrus meat, and thanks to the good Lord above for giving it. At last the berg grounded; they clambered down, and made their way home. Safe, safe! What a welcome to their huts had they! They seemed like the dead come to life again.

ARE THERE TWO CARS FULL YET?

We were much interested about that new Sabbath-school in Iowa City. It was held at the dépôt, three-quarters of a mile from the town; and as no better place could be had for the accommodation of the children, they took a car. One car was almost full when we heard of it. How does it flourish? Is there another car full yet? Let us know.

THE TEACHER'S AIM.—"For thirty-five years," says a venerable and esteemed Sabbath-school teacher, "I have been engaged as a teacher, but I have just found that I never knew any thing about Sunday-school teaching until this winter. I had supposed that if the lessons were well recited, and a few earnest and serious remarks were made, our work was done. But this winter has shown us that it was not yet begun; and that all the lessons of geography, chronology, and biography were as nothing. This winter *we sought the salvation of the soul*. This has been the beginning, middle, and end of our teaching. Thus whole classes, one after another, were converted to God."

For The Child's Paper.

"IN A MINUTE."

What do you think Johnny's birthday present was? A wheelbarrow. He was six years old. And how rich he felt. "Now I can wheel mother's dinner home from market," he said, "and I can help father, and do ever so many things." That is right. It is so pleasant to do little services for others, especially for our parents.

For two days he often asked, "Mother, what can I wheel for you?" But she had nothing to be wheeled, and so she said, "Thank you, Johnny; by and by I shall have something for you to do." Johnny wished it was now, and not by and by.

About four days after, Johnny and his barrow and some boys were down by the frog-pond at play. And what do you think they were wheeling? Four mud-turtles, which one of the boys found in the swamp. I do not know how much pleasure it gave the turtles, for they could not laugh and talk about it, but the boys had good fun.

In a little while Johnny's mother called him. He heard her call the first time, and the second, but he was too busy to mind it. His sister then came to find him. "Johnny, mother wants you to go down street and bring home some salt fish." "Do n't want to," answered he, "Yes, but mother wants you to," said his sister. "I 'm taking my turtles to ride, and I can't," cried Johnny, "I do n't want to." "Come," cried his sister. "In a minute," screamed Johnny.

How long do you suppose that minute was? It was nearly half an hour, and might have been a great deal longer, only that he pitched into the mud; over went Johnny, wheelbarrow, and all. "Oh dear, dear," he cried, picking himself up, and looking at his dirty clothes. *Now* he thought of mother. He could run to her fast enough, now that he had need of her help, but he could not go when she needed his. O the selfish little boy. His conscience smote him. He was loath to show himself; but go home he must, for who would take care of such a pitiful-looking child but mother?

Home he trudged, leaving the boys to fetch his barrow. It was a sober walk. "Oh dear," he said, coming into the kitchen; indeed, he was almost ready to cry, partly for the mud, but most for fear of what his mother would say. She heard him, and turned round. "You dirty boy, go away," cried his aunt. "Come here, my child," said his mother. Ah, that is mother; she is always ready to receive her child, however sad his plight. The mother took her boy, washed him, undressed him, and dressed him again in clean sweet clothes. She did not talk much, but she was very kind, and very sad too. Ah, she did not begrudge serving him. Johnny felt her kindness, and more and more he felt his own disobedience and disobligingness.

"Mother," at last he said, "I am going to kill my turtles." "Why?" asked she. "Because," cried Johnny, "because they would n't let me go down street for you." "Did the poor little turtles beg you not to mind mother?" she asked. "Not in so many words," answered Johnny, slowly; "but they seemed to say, Stay, stay a minute." "And do you think it was the poor little turtles that said that?" asked his mother, seriously.

Johnny hung down his head, as well he might, trying to throw the blame of his disobedience on the turtles, and not where it properly belonged, on his own naughty will. Adam and Eve did just so when they did not mind God in the garden of Eden. Eve said it was the serpent who made her do wrong. Adam said it was Eve that made him do wrong. You see wrong-doing is always cowardly, trying to make excuses, and throwing the blame upon somebody else. Is it not mean?

"Do you *really* think," asked Johnny's mother again, "that the poor little turtles are to blame for your not coming when mother called you? Do *they* deserve to be punished?" "No," cried Johnny, finding it hard to stand his mother's look, "no; it was I, only I, naughty I. It was I that said, Stay, stay; and, mother, God punished me; he pitched me into the mud: and you made me feel bad, you were so kind;" and tears streamed down Johnny's cheeks. "Do let me go down street now for you, mother, do." But his mother no longer needed the little service which he had begrudged her. The fish had come up. "Send me some other errand," pleaded Johnny. But she had now nothing for him to do. And all that day, and for many days after, a sorrowful shadow rested upon the child's heart, for that lost opportunity of serving his dear, dear mother.

Don't you think he minded her very quickly next time?

For The Child's Paper.

A TROUBLESOME VISITOR.

When a person is about to enter upon any great and important undertaking, he *prepares his mind* for it. Then, while looking at the greatness of the work face to face, he is most apt to be tried with doubts about his fitness, or most tempted to give it up altogether. When Moses was to become a lawgiver to the people of Israel, he went to mount Sinai, and spent forty days preparing for it. With what zeal and energy he then undertook the work.

So before the Son of God entered upon his public labors to save a world, he went into a wilderness, and spent forty days in fasting and prayer. Do you know what happened while he was there alone? The devil, that great enemy of good, found him out. You remember he wormed himself into the garden of Eden, and by his lying advice ruined our first parents. He knew Jesus was the Son of God; and he knew the Son of God came to repair the ruin Satan had wrought, and determined to ruin *him*.

So the devil went to Jesus in the wilderness when he was hungry and alone. What did he do? First he tried to make him doubt the fatherly love of God. I suppose he pretended to pity the Son of God, and he said, When you are so hungry, why do you not turn these stones into bread? you *can* do it. And how did Jesus answer him? By a verse from the Bible, which meant, Bread is not every thing: God, if he sees best, can preserve our lives by other things, if we trust him. You see here how the devil likes to take advantage of our circumstances. If you are poor, he will tempt you to complain of God; if you are in want, he tempts you to steal. But remember that the Son of God was tempted just so, that he might feel for you. He knows all about it; but he had a holy strength which resisted the sin, and that holy strength he will give you, if you go to him for it. Go. "Ask, and ye shall receive."

Disappointed in this attempt, the devil then took Jesus upon the high pinnacle of the temple in Jerusalem, and said, If you really are the Son of God, you can throw yourself down, and it wont hurt you. God will take care of you. What did Jesus answer? He again quoted a verse from the Bible. "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." I am sure it must be the best way of meeting temptation, to confront it with Bible truth, which is the word of God. The verse means that we must not rush into danger, expecting God to take care of us. This is sometimes called "tempting Providence." God does not promise to befriend the fool-hardy, or work miracles to save us from the consequences of our rashness.

What did Satan do next? He led Jesus to the top of a high mountain, and showed him the beautiful land which stretched off in every direction—cities and villages, fruitful fields, lakes and rivers, and lovely landscapes. "All these I will give you," said Satan, "if you will fall down and worship me." What a bold offer! Just as if he had the right to give them away. Not he. But, you know, he is the father of lies. He has made ever so many just such promises since then. He made such promises to Julius Cæsar and to Bonaparte. They gave themselves up to blood and robbery. But did he do as he promised? They indeed got many kingdoms, but they had no power to keep them. God is stronger than the devil, and he can deprive us of our ill-gotten gains. Do you remember how true this was in the case of Cæsar and Bonaparte?

But what did Jesus answer? "Get thee behind me, Satan; for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." Oh what an answer was that! It drove the devil off. Then angels came to comfort the Son of God. They brought him food, and took sweet counsel with him. Oh, what a delightful interview must that have been between the Son of God and his heavenly visitors!

Does it seem strange that God's own Son should have been troubled and tempted by the "wicked one?" He came to earth in human form on *purpose* to become "acquainted with our griefs," and "carry our sorrows," and in that way to *invite* our confidence, and draw us to unbosom our trials and temptations, be they little or great, to his sympathizing love. He was, you see, "in *all points* tempted like as we are, and yet without sin." How precious to have a heavenly friend, even the Son of God, understand us just as we are.

For The Child's Paper.

A STRAYING TESTAMENT.

I want to show you how the Bible is making its way into the heart of the Turkish empire. Let us visit Sivas, a city perched among the mountains of Asia Minor. There are no railroads, or steamboats, or coaches, or trains of any description in that country. You must clamber over their rough roads on horse or mule-back, carrying your goods and luggage in saddle-bags.

Very odd-looking villages you will come to. The houses are built of earth, with only two rooms and one outside door. One room is for the donkies, cows, and dogs, while the family live in the other on very sociable terms with these animals. Almost every village has a "guest-house," built by some pious Turk for the accommodation of travellers. Here you will find fire to warm you, and food to eat.

Sivas is a large inland city about eighteen hours from Tocat. And how far is eighteen hours? you will ask. Eighteen hours is about fifty miles, which makes comfortable travelling about three miles an hour, rather slow going for a Yankee. It has fifty thousand inhabitants, Turks, Greeks, and Armenians. Within two or three years Bible Christianity has taken root there; and the Scriptures are kept publicly for sale in four different parts of the city. These are in the Turkish and Greek languages. Mr. Righter, an agent of the American Bible Society, paid a visit to this city a few months ago, and held a Bible meeting in the little mission chapel. In the afternoon, two of the Koozelbesh Koords from a village twelve hours distant called upon him. The Koords, you know, are mountain men, and one of the fiercest tribes in Asia. One of them was the son of a sheik, or chief man of the village. They said they wanted to become gospel Christians. "Why do you want to change your religion?" asked Mr. Righter. "We once worshipped a cane or staff," they said, "with which the sheik beat us, to drive away our sins. We used to meet once a week to receive this beating. Then we confessed our sins, and yearly offered a sacrifice of sheep to the cane. We no longer believe this will save us. A kitab," good book, "taught us better."

"Where did you get the book?" asked the missionary. "We do n't know where it came from," they answered; "but it teaches us that Christ is alive and the other prophets are dead. It teaches us to love our enemies, and to pray for them. It is ten years since we began to learn these truths." "What is the name of the book?" "We call it Boyusook," book of command, they said. "A khojah, or teacher, reads to us from this book, the sheik explains it, and then we pray to God, through Christ, as the book teaches."

Then the missionary told them he called it "Ingil," the gospel of salvation, and how many copies of this book there were in America. They wished very much to have a missionary come and comfort and teach them, for the savage Koords were very angry with them for loving the book; and they often beat and robbed them of their flocks, because they would not worship idols as they used to. They also said there were hundreds more ready to receive the gospel, but for fear of their enemies.

The missionaries bade them keep up a good heart, for God would stand by those who put their trust in him. "Go back," said the missionary, "to your native village, and boldly preach this gospel of love and salvation, even to your cruelest persecutors." "Inshallah!" God be praised, they both exclaimed.

Such is the influence of a stray copy of the Testament, which found its solitary way through the rocky passes of Asia Minor, teaching these Koords the folly of idol-worship, and leading them to "the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world."

Who will not give, if he can give no more, one Testament to the poor heathen?

Philip Henry, a wise and holy minister, used to teach his children the following words:

"I take God to be my chiefest good and highest end. I take Christ to be my Prince and Saviour. I take the Holy Ghost to be my Sanctifier, Teacher, Guide, and Comforter. I take the word of God to be my rule in all my actions, and the people of God to be my people in all conditions. I do likewise dedicate unto the Lord my whole self, all I am, all I have, and all I can do. And this I do deliberately, sincerely, freely, and for ever."

Every Sabbath evening each of them slowly repeated these solemn words after their recitation in the catechism, he putting his amen to it, and sometimes adding, "So say and so do, and you are made for ever." And never was there a family more lovely and distinguished for its piety.

"We must remember, that our portion of temporal things is but food and raiment. God has not promised us coaches and horses, rich houses and jewels, silks and carpets; neither has he promised to minister to our needs in such circumstances as we shall appoint, but such as he himself shall choose. It may be that he has laid up the corn that shall feed thee in the storehouse of thy brother; or will clothe thee with his wool. He enabled Peter to pay his taxes by the ministry of a fish; Elijah was fed by a raven; and his only Son rode in triumph upon an ass that grazed in another man's pastures."

Dr. Alexander says, "It is the children—the *children*, that we demand; for are not these the stuff that states are made of?" We say so too.

"My mother does not expect me to be out Sunday, riding," said a young clerk to a fellow-boarder.

"Never mind if she do n't, you can go."

"Yes, I can go; but if I go, I shall fall below her expectations, and I shall try never to do that," was the noble reply.

SAFE SHIP TO SAIL IN.—"Scripture on the foremast; Scripture on the mainmast; Scripture on the mizzenmast; Scripture on all the ship's yards; Scripture for her chart."

For The Child's Paper.

"WE MUST LIVE."

There was a little shop kept in the south part of the town, where groceries had been dealt out to the neighbors almost as long as any of them could remember. It was a nice, quiet, smiling little shop, with a respectable old man behind the counter, who always had a pleasant word for the children, and so the children always had a cent to drop on his counter for something they wanted. But the old man died, and left his comfortable quarters to a son and son's family. Many a tear was dropped at his funeral, as the people said they hoped young Elisha would do as well as his father.

And so he did for a time. But he was not satisfied with the slow returns of his father's trade; he was anxious to do a brisker business, and therefore began to make serious changes in the little shop. At last one sad change was made. A whiskey-barrel got into the shop. And what followed? Toddy was stirred, drams were drank, jugs and bottles slyly went in, and went out filled with the "simon pure," he said; but alas, they were bottled up with misery, as it did not take many years to see. Families of foreigners began to settle around, and these were not backward in patronizing the whiskey-barrel. Oh the quarrelling and swearing, and sorrow and ruin, that grew up around that shop. And Elisha Treat was thriving on it. What would his good father have said? I reckon he did not stop to think. But did nobody try to stop him; did nobody remonstrate with him? Oh yes.

One of the neighbors faithfully showed him what a firebrand his whiskey-barrel was. And what did he say? His favorite excuse was, "If I do n't sell, others will, and *we must live.*" "Live?" said his neighbor, "yes, and you *will* live, I suppose; but it is not necessary that you should live on the misery of others. It is not necessary that you should lay up a large property. A little, with the blessing of God and a good conscience, will go a great way, as your good old father showed. 'Better a little with righteousness, than great revenues without right.'"

One day a pious old sea-captain was talking to Elisha, who brought out his usual excuse, "We must live." "Live!" cried the old sailor; "I do n't know that. I've seen, many 's the time, when I reckoned my life second to duty. Twice have I seen the hour when it was necessary to save the life of my passengers, but it was not necessary that I should live. No, sir; it is *not* necessary to live at the expense of right, justice, humanity, and duty to God and man, as I consider a rumseller does. Better die first. Better die than have a business you can't ask God's blessing on."

A poor woman came to his counter one day to buy her quarter of a pound of tea. "Oh, sir," said she, "if you 'd sell only such as this. How sweet and clean it used to be here, in the old gentleman's time." "Ah, well," answered the rumseller, "it costs more to maintain a family now, and *we must live.*" "Yes, sir," she said, seriously, "and you must *die* too. How will dram-selling look on a death-bed? Would you like to have the miserable crew which go from your back shop every Saturday night tend your last hours? They brought their hard earnings to your counter to buy comforts and enjoyments, and you sold them that which 'biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.' Will that ease your dying pains?" The rumseller tried to make light of the woman's talk, but her words were like a sword through his conscience.

Nor did his minister fail of his duty; and Elisha wound up a long talk with, "Well, sir, but *we must live*, you know." "My friend," answered the minister, "and do you remember that you must *live for ever? Where* and *how* will you live? is the great question. If you persist in a course of wrong-doing here, you will certainly be subject to the anger of God for ever hereafter. 'For we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in the body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.' 'The wicked shall be turned into hell.'"

Elisha Treat dropped a tear at the minister's sober talk, but it produced no change; and he continued a striking illustration of how a man can fortify himself in a bad business by a pecuniary reason. It is only a fair outside; the reason has no substance to it, as you see. It has been demolished again and again; but when a man tries to deceive himself, the great deceiver has got him in his clutches. Did Elisha get rich? some one may ask. Some rumsellers do, we know, but he did not. He was dreadfully caught in his own trap. He became a drunkard himself—squandered his all; and I cannot better depict him than you see him here in the picture. There you get a peep at a drunkard's home. His retribution began in this world.

TEN RULES OF LIFE.

The following rules for practical life were given by Mr. Jefferson in a letter of advice to his namesake Thomas Jefferson Smith, in 1817:

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble others to do what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.
5. Pride costs us much hunger, thirst, and cold.
6. We never repent of eating too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain those evils cost us which never happened.
9. Take things always by their smooth handle.
10. When angry, always count ten before you speak.

"Does not God provide for the birds and beasts and fishes? Do not the sparrows fly from their bush and every morning find meat where they laid it not? Do not the young ravens call to God, and he feeds them? And is it reasonable that the sons of the family should fear their father would give meat to the chickens and the servants, his sheep and his dogs, but give none to his children? He were a very ill father that should do so; and he were a very ill son that would think so of a good father."

CHILDREN CALLED TO CHRIST.

Like mist on the mountain,
Like ships on the sea,
So swiftly the years
Of our pilgrimage flee;
In the grave of our fathers
How soon we shall lie.
Dear children, to-day
To a Saviour fly.

How sweet are the flow'rets
In April and May;
But often the frost makes
Them wither away.
Like flowers you may fade:
Are you ready to die?
While "yet there is room,"
To a Saviour fly.

When Samuel was young,
He first knew the Lord;
He slept in his smile
And rejoiced in his word.
So most of God's children
Are early brought nigh.
Oh, seek him in youth;
To a Saviour fly.

Do you ask me for pleasure?
Then lean on his breast,
For there the sin-laden
And weary find rest:
In the valley of death
You will triumphing cry,
If this be called dying,
'Tis pleasant to die!

R. M. McCheyne.

For The Child's Paper.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night, little star;
From my little low bed
I see you are shining
Over my head.

Are you the bright star
That once led the wise men
To the babe in the manger,
At Bethlehem?

And will you, good star,
Lead one little as I
To the blessed Lord Jesus,
Up in the sky?

Oh, I hav'n't got leave
From my own dear mamma
To go with you just now,
Dear little star:

But will you not please,
Please to carry my prayer
To the blessed Lord Jesus,
Up in the air?

And will you fetch back
His kind blessing to me?
Good, good-night, little star,
I don't you see.

For The Child's Paper.

PERSIA.

Find Persia on the map. It is a high and dry country on the west side of Asia. There are few rivers and running brooks, because there is so little rain. The sweetest of all flowers grows abundantly in Persia—the rose. The air is filled with its perfume. The people pluck the rose leaves and dry them in the sun as we dry hay. Once a traveller went to breakfast with a Persian prince, and he found the company seated upon a heap of rose leaves, with a carpet spread over it. Afterwards the leaves were sent to the distiller's, to be made into rose-water.

The villages where the poor live are miserable places. The houses are of mud, not placed in rows, but straggling, with dirty narrow paths winding between them. In summer they sleep on the roofs, for the roofs are flat, and covered with earth, with low walls on every side, to prevent the sleepers falling off. Persia is a Mohammedan country. There is a set of beggars called Dervishes, who call themselves very holy, and think people are bound to give money to them. Are there any Christians in Persia? There is one province where the Nestorian Christians live. This is called the province of Ooroomiah. These Christians had lost the knowledge of true piety, and their religion consisted mainly of dead and foolish forms. About twenty years ago, some missionaries from America went there to establish schools, and bring them back to pure Bible truth. The Nestorians received the missionaries gladly; and the Persians allowed them to live in Ooroomiah.

Persia is governed by a king. He is called king of kings, a very unbecoming title for a man. We give it only to God. The Persian king sits on a marble throne, and his dress sparkles with jewels. The walls of his palace are covered with looking-glasses. Great part of his time is spent in amusements. He keeps a jester to make jokes for him to laugh at; and he has a story-teller to tell him stories, and a mimic to play antics to him. He dines at eight in the evening from dishes of pure gold. He dines alone, with nobody but his servants who wait on him. But in the midst of all this grandeur, see how afraid he is; for all his golden dishes come up covered and sealed. What for? For fear of poison. There is a chief officer in the kitchen who watches the cook to see if he puts no poison in the food; and he seals up the dishes before they are taken to the king, in order that the servants may not put in poison as they are carrying them along. You see he cannot trust his own household; and the humble farmer who eats his pork and brown bread in the bosom of a loving family, is far happier than he.

Last year the United States entered into a treaty with Persia for the first time. Before that, the two countries had very little to do with each other. I suppose the Persians scarcely knew of such people as the Americans, except at Ooroomiah. In this treaty the style in which the Persians speak of their king is very curious. He is called, "His Majesty as exalted as the planet Saturn," "The sovereign to whom the sun serves as a standard, whose splendor and magnificence are equal to that of the skies;" while in the treaty the head of our country is simply called "The President of the United States of North America." How foolish and vainglorious do such titles appear. The more intelligent and occupied a nation is with the higher objects of Christian civilization, the less value do they place on high-sounding words, and the more value on truth, principle, and useful labors.

For The Child's Paper.

WHAT EMMA WANTED.

"Oh dear, how unhappy I am," said a little bright-eyed girl to her mother. "Unhappy," said her mamma, "unhappy!" and she looked at the little face, which wore the look of discontent; "unhappy in this bright room, with your books and your playthings, and best of all, your darling little brother to play with—what makes you unhappy?"

"Oh dear, I do not know," replied Emma, "but somehow I've got tired of all these things. I've seen the pictures ever so many times, and the playthings I've had ever since New-year's; and then brother Frank wont do just as I want him to all the time."

The mother took her child in her lap, and smoothed her curly head. She nestled herself close in her mother's arms. "I wish, mamma, you would show me a picture I never saw before, or tell me a new story." "The picture and story would amuse you only a little while, my child, and then you would grow discontented again. You want something you have not got; but it is neither a new book nor playthings. Can you tell me what it is?" said her mother. "Some candy?" asked Emma. "No." "Then it must be a new doll." "No, it is neither candy nor doll," answered the mother. "Shall I tell you what it is?" "If you please," answered Emma.

"You want, my dear, a contented heart. Do you know what that is?" "Yes, mamma; it is thinking we have enough, and being very glad, is it not?" "And where can we get a contented heart, Emma?" "From Jesus. Would he give it to me do you think, mamma?" "Yes, if you ask him. He loves to give good things to us. He likes to see children contented and happy; but I do not think, if he were with us as he used to be in Jerusalem, that he would put his hand on you and bless you while that scowl is on your forehead."

The tears came into Emma's eyes. "Do you think, mamma, I ever shall be good, all the time good, so that Jesus can love me?" "If you love Jesus and pray to God, and every day try to do right, he will help you; he will give you his Holy Spirit to teach you how to be good; and when you die he will take you where you will be like him, and see him as he is. Do you remember your little hymn,

"'I want to be like Jesus?'"

"Yes, dear mamma, and I often think of the last verse:

"'Alas, I'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see;
Oh, gentle Saviour, send thy grace,
And make me like to thee.'

"Mamma, may I pray now for a contented heart?" "Yes, my dear." So the little one folded her hands, while she said softly, "Dear Jesus, give Emma a contented heart, and make her glad all day long." *Glad* was only another word for *good*, and Jesus understood the prayer. Then Emma jumped down, and there was no more unhappiness that day.

Rain from Heaven.—A little girl in Yorkshire living in a neighborhood where water was scarce, saved as much rain-water as she could and sold it to the washerwoman for a cent a bucket, and in this way earned nearly five dollars for the Missionary Society. When she brought it to the Secretary, she was not willing to tell her name. "But I must put down where the money came from," said he. "Call it then," replied the little girl, "rain from heaven."

CHEAP POSTAGE ON THIS PAPER.

To any part of the United States, paid where received, quarterly or yearly *in advance*, 6 cents a year.

To any part of the United States in packages of fifteen or more, *postpaid where published*, 3 cents a year.

In the state where published, paid where received, quarterly or yearly *in advance*, 3 cents a year.

As the postage on a package of 8 ounces or more, is but half a cent an ounce to any part of the United States, *if paid at the office of publication, one half the postage* of The Child's Paper (except in the state where published) *is saved if mailed in packages postpaid.* To accommodate subscribers who wish to avail themselves of this privilege, the paper will be afforded, either on the terms in the first list below, (no postage included;) or if subscribers prefer to remit the postage with their subscriptions, the paper will be mailed for them *on the terms in the second list, postpaid at the office of publication.*

TERMS OF THE CHILD'S PAPER.

Payable in advance, in packages of not less than ten copies.

Ten copies monthly for a year to one address,			$1 00
Fifty copies	"	"	4 50
One hundred copies	"	"	8 00

☞ Canada, East and West, *supplied from Rochester*, by O. D. Grosvenor, Agent, 120 State-street. *Terms, postage free*, ten copies at $1 25; fifty, at $5; one hundred, at $9.

TERMS BY MAIL POSTPAID.

Payable in advance, including postage to any part of the United States for prepayment at the office of publication.

Fifteen copies monthly to one address		*postpaid*,	$2 00
Fifty copies	"	*postpaid*,	6 00
One hundred copies	"	*postpaid*,	11 00

Cost by these terms, from 15 to 49 copies, about thirteen cents each; 50 to 99, twelve cents; 100 and over, eleven cents.

No subscription received for less than ten copies for one year. Each volume begins with January.

Orders for the paper, and business communications may be addressed to "The Child's Paper, 150 Nassau-street, New York." Orders requesting the paper *to be sent from Boston*, may be addressed to N. P. Kemp, 28 Cornhill, Boston.

Articles for insertion may be addressed to "Editors of The Child's Paper," or to Rev. Wm. A. Hallock, Secretary of the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau-street, New York.